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Written expressly for the "PHILATELIST"

HAWKEYE

THE FERRET, BY CESAR.

Author of "On the Stage," "Life on the Boards," "Stage struck Bob," "Tear to the List," "The Young Detectives," "Dick Daring," "Hucknast Academy," &c.

PART I.

CHAP. I. [continued]

"Who'll draw first?" sincerely inquired the captain.

Jackson advanced and took one. To his great joy he was safe.

Then the rest advanced and drew their slips at last there remained but two.

These were the captain's and a man named Smith's.

Smith glanced and took one of the two with a trembling hand. He found to his agreeable surprise and joy that the Captain was the one chosen by lot to demolish our hero and no wonder the men were glad.

Hitherto with the exception, perhaps of Hawkeye, their doings had been unsullied with the crime of murder.

"Return to your work," said the Captain. "I will be in here again, in a while."

As he went out, he muttered to himself,

when I undertake a thing I do it, Hawkeye shall die.

CHAPTER II.

When our hero awoke next morning it was late, so he jumped up hastily and put on his clothes with marvelous rapidity.

He then went down stairs and entered the captain's room without knocking which he was privileged to do. Sitting down he narrated his adventures to which Seekum listened with great interest.

"Well," said Seekum, "what are you going to do now?"

"I am going to the den again to day exclaimed Ralph. to see if I can't get some 'claw' to work upon."

"All right," assented Seekum. "Go right after you," he had your breakfast.

* * * * *

Our readers will perhaps remember the boy whom we spoke of in our last chapter.

He was a traitor, he belonged to the counterfeiting gang.

Soon after breakfast he started out after having obtained leave from the Captain.

Running swiftly along he soon arrived at the den of the counterfeiters.

Here he entered and vanishing through the trap-door went down into the room.

Hawkeye having finished his breakfast again redisplayed himself and started out.

When he arrived at the door of the den, he hesitated a moment, undecided what to do. He at length decided to go in, but what was his surprise to see Young Jack Shiwell, the boy we have been speaking of, standing there talking to Capt. Darkeye.

Hawkeye, however, apparently unconcerned, walked forward and asked for a glass of spirits. This was given him, when all of a sudden Young Jack Shiwell sprang forward and tore the whiskers from his face.

"Tis he 'tis he" cried the young demon dancing around. Capt. Darkeye sprang forward and seized Hawkeye in his sinewy grasp.

Hawkeye struggled desperately and

freed himself; rushing back to the side of the trap door, the existence of which he was not aware, he drew a pistol and pointing it at Darkeye, cried:—

"Move an inch and you die!"

Suddenly he felt the pistol knocked from his hand, a gag thrust into his mouth and his arms pinned behind him.

Jackson, hearing the scuffling had come up in time to save his master.

The boy, Shiwell rushed down to call up the gang at the captain's order.

The spring of the trap door, being pressed the door flew open and the men, having arrived, they led Hawkeye upstairs carefully avoiding the ninth step for the reasons we have given.

When they arrived at the top of the staircase they showed our hero into a small room at the side.

Darkeye entered the room.

"Go down to your work," he said to his men. "I will be down soon."

The men obeyed him.

Darkeye calmly sat down in front of Hawkeye and placidly regarded him.

Hawkeye was helpless as a babe, in his power.

If his hands were only free.

But he was safely bound.

"Now," began the fiendish captain of the counterfeiters, "you are in my power."

This room is magical in its effects. You see that panel in the wall: well I go out of that door over there, and open the panel, then I arrange the machinery, and the ceiling will descend upon you and crush you. I am sorry I haven't the time to watch your struggles. It would be a keen enjoyment. However, rest assured of one thing: that you will never get out of this place alive. Adieu."

And after this long and cruel oration, the captain did as he said he would. The ceiling began, slowly—very slowly—to descend. But oh! how quickly the moments flew past to our hero.

[To be continued.]